Buried Bones

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Buried Bones

by snapdragonpop007

Summary

"I've been thinking about going back," Will ducked his head down and gently pulled Clarice's hand from his hair. She whined, then grabbed a bit of his shirt and stuck it in her mouth. "Not forever, just--just to visit."

"Are you sure?" Morticia asked.

Will nodded. "I have some bones to dig up."

Notes

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See the end of the work for more notes

Will had only fond memories of his childhood.

He remembered the old rickety Victorian house he lived in with Morticia and Grandmama. It was just close enough to the bayou waters that it should have sank years and years ago, but Grandmama was smart enough to use the bones of her husband and Will's parents and a few charms to keep it standing. Sometimes Will would dig up those bones, just to see if they were really as white as his picture books said they were.

They never were.

That may have been the only disappointment in Will's childhood. But then Grandmama taught Will how to bleach bones and Morticia helped him dig them up and soon it was forgotten.

He and Morticia would spend hours digging in the mud and skimming nets through the waters for bones. They carried around bright plastic buckets and shovels, running back to the house as soon as their buckets were full. Grandmama would lay the bones out on the porch in the sun and cast a spell, and the next day they would make windchimes or decorate Christmas trees or bury them back in the mud to find again.

Will paused drying the wine glass he was holding, and glanced to the window.

He still dug up bones, but as he grew he started making fishing lures instead of windchimes. The one that sat in his and Hannibal's kitchen window was a windchime he made years and years ago, when he still lived in Louisiana. The bones were pure white by now, but they still held the dirt and memories of his youth.

"What are you thinking about, my dear?" Hannibal asked softly.

Will blinked slowly.

They had finished eating dinner some time ago, and he and Hannibal had taken dish duty while Abigail went to tire Clarice out before bedtime.

"Bones." Will answered.

--

Will readjusted Clarice, before knocking on the door, soothing her as she started to fuss.

He hadn't planned to visit Morticia today, but after canceling class because Jack needed him to look over crime scene photos and with Hannibal working and Abigail at school, he suddenly found himself with a free afternoon. So he left Quantico, picked up Clarice early from daycare, and went to the Addams' house.

A gentle breeze blew past, rattling the bones of the windchime Morticia kept on the front porch.

Clarice stopped her fussing, gazing up at the windchime with wide eyes.

Will followed her line of sight, then slowly walked closer to the windchime. It was hanging low enough that Clarice could reach out and touch it. She giggled as the bones clacked together, then reached out to touch it again.

Will smiled softly, looking back up as the front door moaned open.

“Hi, Lurch.”

Lurch grunted. He looked at Will, then Clarice. Then he smiled and waved them inside.

Clarice let out a sad coo as they walked away from the windchime. Will held her a little closer and pressed a kiss to the top of her head.

“Oh, Will!” Morticia was in the foyer when they walked in. She hurried over to wrap Will in a hug, mindful not to squish Clarice. “I didn’t know you were visiting today.”

Will stayed still for a moment. Morticia still smelled like the cypress trees that grew around that house in Louisiana, and it was warm and comforting and caused an old ache in Will’s chest that he hadn’t felt in a long time.

“Is Grandmama home?” he asked.

He didn’t step away from Morticia’s hug. Not yet.

“She’s in the basement with Uncle Fester--they were trying to make wine, I believe.” Morticia stepped back. She kept one hand on Will’s shoulder, lifting the other to gently hold his cheek. Her brows knitted together as she looked him over, her lips slowly dropping to a frown. “Are you alright? You sound sad, my love.”

Clarice babbled and reached up a hand. She smacked Will’s face, then grabbed onto his hair. Will winced, but didn’t pull her hand back.

“I’m okay,” Will offered Morticia a smile. “Really, I just--I’ve been thinking about Louisiana.”

“Only the good things, I hope.”

Will’s childhood had been wonderful, but the later years of his life had been less so.

“I’ve been thinking about going back,” Will ducked his head down and gently pulled Clarice’s hand from his hair. She whined, then grabbed a bit of his shirt and stuck it in her mouth. “Not forever, just--just to visit.”

He had Clarice’s pacifier clipped to her onesie, and he unclipped it and offered it to her. She very quickly traded Will’s shirt for the pacifier.

“Are you sure?” Morticia asked.

Will nodded. “I have some bones to dig up.”

End Notes

I'll let ya'll figure out where this fits in this weird timeline i've created. I'm just trying to break my creative slump so I can finish up my projects for school

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